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Owing to the fondness of the child for the hen its life was spared, but the little girl herself died within six months. This would indicate a specific reason for the adage that 'crowing hens should have their heads chopped off.'

"Numberless are the signs of ill omen and of death. A beet seed sown in the spring and running to seed that season, the blossoming of a fruit-tree the second time in the summer, the voice of the plaintive whip-poor-will beside your door, the unison of two or more church bells chiming, — all these are a few of the signs betokening the coming of the grim destroyer. To move parsley is bad luck; some persons go farther and say that to plant the seed even is bad luck. To avoid this you can place your seed on a post and let the wind sow it for you or you can steal one of your neighbor's parsley plants. Stolen parsley is harmless — I have tried it.

"A small egg, called a pullet's egg, and by some 'a bad luck egg,' must be taken and thrown over the housetop. This will break the egg if not the bad luck.

"Here is a cure for fits. I have never tried it, but I know of a person who knows positively of its having been tried. There are two ways of preparing this cure. First take a live chicken and plunge it, feathers, protestations and all, into a pot of boiling water; boil several hours and give a cup of the water thus obtained to the patient. The second way is external, and to my mind preferable; also it is more mysterious, from the fact that only an entirely black chicken will do. Split the chicken down the back and bind it on the breast of the afflicted person.

"Not the least remarkable is the following: A woman told me that many years ago her husband's parents were going to Hagerstown by turnpike, taking with them a mare and colt to sell. The colt in some way tore its hoof badly and severe bleeding ensued. Stopping at a farmhouse on the way for help, the mistress thereof informed the travellers that she could stop the bleeding, and getting her Bible she read a certain verse over the colt's head and the hemorrhage ceased. While speaking of this to a Hagerstown lady visiting one of my neighbors, she told me her husband had precisely the same experience with a colt, only in the last case the accident occurred in a field and it was the doctor whom they called on who in this case read the verse.

"From a Hancock, Md., paper is clipped the following: We recently ran across a man and woman right in our town who believed in witches, and the man rushed into the drug store one evening and asked for medicine to take a spell off his wife. One man near Millstone quarrelled with his neighbor. He filled a four-ounce bottle with water and buried it, remarking: 'When the bottle is empty my neighbor will be dead.' The neighbor died in four months. The bottle was dug up and there was not a drop of water in it."

THE ORIGIN OF THE MELICITES.¹—The following tradition was obtained from the Indian Reserve on Lenox Island, P. E. I. It was originally printed in the "Prince Edward Island Magazine," *ca.* 1893-94.

Long before the French had come, while still the Micmac was the only monarch in fair Epagweit, "resting on the wave," — he and the wild beasts against which he strove, — the Indians had come together for pow-wow and for feasting on the bank above the "bold, steep, sandy shore" of Caskamkek.²

¹ A tradition of the Prince Edward Island Micmacs.

² Casmucpec, Prince Edward Island.

And as they feasted here, two dogs, the petted hunting companions of as many stalwart braves, first snarling over the bone each hungered after, then maddened into fury, for that neither could secure the tempting feast already tasted of, fell into savage struggle, and rent the air with howls of rage and pain.

The Indians, with the keenness of their hunger satisfied, hastened to the scene, some in curious mood or speculative, some delighting in the varying fortunes of the struggling beasts. And first of those to reach the spot was he who owned the dog which at that time appeared to be the weaker of the two. In pity for his canine friend, in angry humiliation at his sad defeat, he struck the other hound a staggering, savage blow, whereupon the owner of the stronger dog remonstrated, saying, "Let them alone; leave them to fight till the stronger wins; he risks his life who strikes a friend of mine." To whom the other answered: "You and your dog are one," and dealt him, all unguarded, a swift and heavy blow. The smitten athlete, quick upon his feet, closed upon the other, and a mighty struggle then began.

Each warrior had his followers and his friends, who, praising now his tactics or his skill, now shouting taunt and challenge to his panting antagonist, gradually stirred up those around them into sympathy and support, until one side slowly weakened, driven inch by inch towards the woods, and the plain was strewn with dying braves and dead.

Victory gave the vanquishers strength as they pushed the weaker, disordered band far into the lengthening shadows of the thick spruce wood. Like hunted deer the fugitives fled, until at last, worn out by battle and retreat, they halted, taking counsel as to how they should proceed.

It was determined to reach, if possible, and to follow an old abandoned footpath leading to the south, as the victors, having rested, would no doubt hasten by the newer, wider trail to where the bark canoes were beached and made secure by strips of hide to stakes fast driven in the sand. Fear furnished strength; the fugitives hurried on, — slow through the thicket, swift in the pathway, southward and seaward, on to the shore.

To embark was the work of a very few minutes, when out from the land shot the birch-bark canoes, swift as the arrow from the bow. Well did the fugitives know the strength of the arms which would speed the light craft of the eluded pursuers.

On, on they sped, on to the east, past where the sea-cow herded in Buslooakade,¹ on to the inlet which still tells the story, for men call it yet by the name Canoe Cove. Here, disembarking, they made a portage northwards to a river flowing from the west,² down which they paddled, passing on the left the point of land on which Charlottetown now stands. Still farther onward, over the course of the sister stream flowing from the northeast, on to its head, where a second portage brought the weary ones to the north shore again near Boogoosumkek, as the Indians later named St. Peter's Bay. Thence, skirting the shore towards the rising sun, the voyagers continued till they rounded what the white man now calls East Cape, whence, setting out to sea, they made for the mainland, Cape Breton Island (Oonamagik), and landed at Weukuch, "the place of red ochre."³ Here they first dwelt,

¹ Cape Traverse.

² West or "Elliot River."

³ Margaree in Cape Breton.

but in process of time increasing in number they spread to the south into many new stations.

Yet so sore their defeat, so deep-rooted their fear, they changed their speech in such a way that the Mic-mac could not understand them when they spoke. And they taught their little ones to dread the coming of the Micmac and to answer when a stranger questioned, only this — "I do not understand." In after years some Micmacs, more daring than their fellows, crossed the Strait of Northumberland to the mainland on the south, whence returning home they brought the curious tale of how they there had seen a race of men, in face and customs as themselves, but understanding not their language. "For," said they, "to every question which we asked they answered nothing more than this — I do not understand you."

But the old men dreamed at night of mighty battle and of hot pursuit of erstwhile friendly kinsmen fleeing eastward till they passed from sight before they reached the point "where the current flows close in by the shore" at Wejowitk.¹

And because the language of this tribe seemed to them a confusion of the Micmac tongue, the great Wabanaki race of Indians coming later from the west, gave to the stranger band the name of MELCITES, which in their language signifies "a broken or corrupted speech."

The Micmacs slowly waste away; their camp-fires smoulder in fair Abegweit.

Lawrence W. Watson.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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¹ Point Prim.